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TUESDAY, AUGUST 3, 1897.

THE Era says the "city affairs are in the same old rut." Is it possible that the "reform" administration has a few favorites and that Mr. Cheyney is not one of them?

It is agreed that Europe's wheat crop is about 125,000,000 bushels short of last year. It takes no argument to show that the United States is interested in the fact. Uncle Sam is long on wheat, and short on nothing.

THE Era should have Mr. Parsons, the city's legal advisor, bring suit against and recover from Geo. E. French the \$250 the latter received as city attorney. Such action would free the Era editor from the chances of injuring his health howling about Mr. French.

MR. CHEYNEY was, we believe, present at the council meeting when the bills of C. L. Patterson were approved, yet, he as a tax-payer (if he is a tax-payer) did not make any objection to the claims. If Mr. Cheyney is so vitally interested in the welfare of the city, why did he not make his "kick" at a time when a remonstrance might have accomplished some good.

THE Era says the pops must nominate honest men this fall. What's the matter with Miller, Keller, Orr or Huffman—are they all dishonest? And then there is nothing to prevent Buchanan from being nominated for county clerk. Are these not honest or does the Era favor "downing" the populist court house ring and elect new men who can all the more successfully "work" and thus plunder the county to a greater extent.

THE Denver News, a free silver organ, admits prosperity, and when it advances to that point we see no reason why any of the lesser calamities should persistently declare there is nothing of the kind in sight. The News is quoted as saying: "The hopeful spirit that pervaded the business atmosphere of Denver at the opening of the new year has now become a certainty that the long expected change for the better is here, not for a month or two, but for years to come."

ONE year ago wheat sold in New York for 64 cents; now it is worth 83 cents. One year ago silver bars in New York sold at 68 cents; now bar silver is selling for 58 cents. In one year wheat has advanced 19 cents and silver has decreased 10 cents. How about wheat and silver traveling together, dear populist friends? How about those tons of literature distributed last fall which pretended to show that the prices of silver and wheat rose and fell in unison? Are you not now pretty well convinced that such a claim was and is false.

THE FIGURES FOR IT. The Chicago Times-Herald makes a strong presentation of indisputable evidence of the return of prosperity and of the upward tendency in all lines of industrial enterprise.

It shows that there has been a strong revival of stocks, principally of railroads whose prosperity depends upon an increased traffic. The forty-eight principal stocks bought and sold on the New York exchange show an increase in value from July 25 last year to July 25th this year of the enormous amount of \$211,305,992 the most of this being during the past three months.

The price of wheat has gone up within a year to the extent of 20 cents a bushel. On the estimated crop of 500,000,000 bushels for this year, the increased value reaches the colossal sum of \$100,000,000.

The corn crop has been largely enhanced in value by the recent rise in prices. This represents no less than \$40,000,000. Other grains have gone up in total value \$10,000,000.

There has been a decided improvement in the prices of live stock. The value of farm stock has increased during the past twelve months no less than \$200,000,000. No one can gainsay these figures. The croaker and calamity howler must admit the force of the showing and confess that he is soon to lose his occupation or be compelled to go the asylum, if he insists on continuing his doleful wail.

HOW BRYAN BECAME A SILVERITE. The annual meeting of the Trans-mississippi congress recalls a little political history that is of interest, says the Kansas City Journal. Six years ago this organization held its meeting in Kansas City, Mo. At that time there was a split over the money question. The silver forces were led by the late Charles Crisp of Georgia, ex-speaker of the house of representatives. It happened that W. J. Bryan was a delegate from Nebraska to that congress. During the early hours of the fierce fight over silver Bryan sat on the fence. He did not know which way to jump. Senator H. B. Kelly was a delegate from Kansas and presided over the meeting. When the fight was the hottest Bryan went to Kelly and asked him which horn of the dilemma he should take.

When Queen Victoria ascended the throne, there were no telegraphs in this country and few railways. The mails were forwarded by coach, and the postage rates were to all but the well to do prohibitive. It cost from 4d. to 1s. 8d. to send a "single" letter under an ounce in weight from one part of the kingdom to another. There were some 40 charges, varying according to distance, the average rate being 9d., or half the day's wage of a laborer. A "single" letter meant a single piece of paper (adhesive envelopes had not been invented), and the addition of a second scrap of paper made the letter a "double" one. The postage was paid on delivery by the recipient, and as no credit was given the incursion of a postman into a poor neighborhood was watched on all sides with fear rather than hope. Coleridge, the poet, saw a poor woman declining to accept a letter on the score of inability to pay. The good natured bard (doubtless with some difficulty) found the required ninepence, despite the woman's remonstrances. When the postman had gone away, she showed Coleridge that the letter was but a blank sheet of paper. Her brother had arranged to send her at intervals such a sheet, addressed in a certain fashion, as evidence that all was well with him, and she as regularly, after inspecting the address, refused to accept it. Some humorist on one occasion sent out large numbers of letters, each on a sheet as large as a tablecloth, all of which had to be delivered as "single" missives.

This system practically stifled written intercourse among the working class and pressed with severity upon the middle class, but the rich and highly placed entirely escaped postal taxation. The privilege of franking covered the correspondence not only of ministers, peers and members of parliament, but of their relatives, friends and acquaintances. While in one year early in the queen's reign no less than 7,400,000 letters were franked, a single London firm paid annually £11,000 for postage and a writer in The Quarterly referred flippantly to "so slight and rare an incident in a laborer's life as the receipt of a letter." Among the "packets" franked was a grand piano. An army of clerks was employed to fix the charges to be collected, and the postal revenue remained stationary between 1815 and 1855, although in the same period the population increased from 19,500,000 to 25,000,000.

HE WAS A STREET ARAB.

John Green Brady of Indiana, recently appointed governor of Alaska, has had an interesting and romantic career. To the best of his knowledge he is a native of New York city. He used to know his parents nor the name they gave him, if any. He grew up a veritable street arab in the utmost poverty. In 1860 he was sent to Indiana with a cartload of wares as miserable as himself. The car reached Tipton, a county seat 30 miles north of Indianapolis, and a number of the youngsters were committed to the care of residents. Judge John Green, a prominent citizen of the place, called for the "ragged, raggedest and most friendless" in the lot. Jack, as he was afterward known, was promptly presented, and at first the judge, appalled at so much misery in bulk, was inclined to go back on his demand, but finally took the lad home to Mrs. Green. She was out of patience with her husband for his action, but the absolute destitution of the boy appealed to her, and she got down to the real boy by a process of thorough cleaning. After the examination she thought she might learn to like him, and Jack's new life began.

He appreciated his home and the kindness of his benefactors, and diligently applied himself to study, proving himself capable and efficient. A course at the public school was followed by a year at Waveland academy, a well known preparatory institution, and that by four years at Harvard. He had determined to be a preacher, and after he had been graduated at Cambridge he was sent by Judge Green to England to pursue his theological studies. Returning to Tipton in 1876, the next year he went to Alaska as a missionary under the auspices of the Presbyterian church, and he has since remained there. His interest in the field was not confined to his missionary labors, and in 1881 he visited the United States, displaying specimens of its gold and silver ores and telling marvelous stories of its natural resources. As a result of his talks there was a large increase of the population of the territory, capitalists and prospectors being attracted by his enthusiastic descriptions. Mr. Brady contributed largely to the reports of the census of 1880 respecting Alaska, and in the Harrison administration served as commissioner of the territory. —New York Sun.

Crabs Cause Interstate Trouble. The soft crab causes a good deal of trouble at this time of the year between the states of Maryland and Virginia. One of its peculiar tricks is to leave its favorite lair at Crisfield in Maryland and wander off into the neighboring state, the crabbers, of course, following. It is then that Virginia gets out her guns and begins to burn powder. Recent dispatches report heavy firing, and it is all probably on account of the migratory crab.

Governor O'Ferrall of Virginia is no less an admirer and champion of the crab than he is of Grover Cleveland, and he is said to have declared recently that he will protect the crab which seeks the shelter of the Old Dominion at all hazards, even if he has to depopulate Crisfield in order to do it. Thus the soft crab may be said to become a hard case. The Baltimore American questions whether this would be fair. "We allow the Virginians," says the champion of the Maryland crabbers, "to come up here and make all the money and hold offices and lord it over us in general, and the Virginia authorities might at least permit us to have a few soft shell crabs in return. We are beginning to think that Virginia is getting selfish over the shellfish." —New York Tribune.

Electric Protection of Safes. The latest idea for the protection of money and valuables is to have the safe which contains them secured inside a cabinet. Where the safe is kept in a vault the vault serves the purposes of a cabinet. In either case an electric lining is used, consisting of strips of metal mounted in connection with thin metal sheets so arranged that even a pin thrust through the cabinet and penetrating the lining will sound the alarm. The door of the vault cannot be opened, nor can the cabinet of the safe be raised, until a time lock has disconnected it from the alarm system. In order that the alarm box may be proof against molestation it is made of steel and placed within a hood lined in the same way as the cabinet. Any attempt at tampering will cause an alarm to be sounded, as in the case of the cabinet. The door is held closed by heavy lag bolts, the partial removal of any of which will give a warning signal. There are several of these lag bolts, and before the door can be opened they have all to be removed, which requires a considerable length of time.

OLD POSTAL USAGES.

CURIOS PHASES OF THE MAIL SERVICE SIXTY YEARS AGO.

Rates on Ordinary Letters in England Were Almost Prohibitive—Adoption of the Penny Post and the Queer Arguments Against It.

When Queen Victoria ascended the throne, there were no telegraphs in this country and few railways. The mails were forwarded by coach, and the postage rates were to all but the well to do prohibitive. It cost from 4d. to 1s. 8d. to send a "single" letter under an ounce in weight from one part of the kingdom to another. There were some 40 charges, varying according to distance, the average rate being 9d., or half the day's wage of a laborer. A "single" letter meant a single piece of paper (adhesive envelopes had not been invented), and the addition of a second scrap of paper made the letter a "double" one. The postage was paid on delivery by the recipient, and as no credit was given the incursion of a postman into a poor neighborhood was watched on all sides with fear rather than hope. Coleridge, the poet, saw a poor woman declining to accept a letter on the score of inability to pay. The good natured bard (doubtless with some difficulty) found the required ninepence, despite the woman's remonstrances. When the postman had gone away, she showed Coleridge that the letter was but a blank sheet of paper. Her brother had arranged to send her at intervals such a sheet, addressed in a certain fashion, as evidence that all was well with him, and she as regularly, after inspecting the address, refused to accept it. Some humorist on one occasion sent out large numbers of letters, each on a sheet as large as a tablecloth, all of which had to be delivered as "single" missives.

This system practically stifled written intercourse among the working class and pressed with severity upon the middle class, but the rich and highly placed entirely escaped postal taxation. The privilege of franking covered the correspondence not only of ministers, peers and members of parliament, but of their relatives, friends and acquaintances. While in one year early in the queen's reign no less than 7,400,000 letters were franked, a single London firm paid annually £11,000 for postage and a writer in The Quarterly referred flippantly to "so slight and rare an incident in a laborer's life as the receipt of a letter." Among the "packets" franked was a grand piano. An army of clerks was employed to fix the charges to be collected, and the postal revenue remained stationary between 1815 and 1855, although in the same period the population increased from 19,500,000 to 25,000,000.

Moved by this state of things, parliament in 1839 adopted Rowland Hill's proposal of uniform inland penny postage, which came into operation on Jan. 10, 1840. The writer possesses a copy of The Quarterly Review of 1839, in which a contributor (believed to be Croker) fiercely denounces the scheme. "Will clerks," he says, "write only to their fathers and their mothers? Will not letters of romance or love, intrigue or mischief, increase in at least equal proportion? We doubt whether social and domestic correspondence will be more than doubled. A gigantic exemplification of the old proverb—Penny wise and pound foolish." etc. Macaulay says that the penny post, when first established, was the object of violent invective, as a manifest contrivance of the pope to enslave the souls of Englishmen. It was described as "a section made in the post office, where the letters of romance or love, intrigue or mischief, increase in at least equal proportion? We doubt whether social and domestic correspondence will be more than doubled. A gigantic exemplification of the old proverb—Penny wise and pound foolish." etc. Macaulay says that the penny post, when first established, was the object of violent invective, as a manifest contrivance of the pope to enslave the souls of Englishmen. It was described as "a section made in the post office, where the letters of romance or love, intrigue or mischief, increase in at least equal proportion? We doubt whether social and domestic correspondence will be more than doubled. A gigantic exemplification of the old proverb—Penny wise and pound foolish." etc. Macaulay says that the penny post, when first established, was the object of violent invective, as a manifest contrivance of the pope to enslave the souls of Englishmen. It was described as "a section made in the post office, where the letters of romance or love, intrigue or mischief, increase in at least equal proportion? We doubt whether social and domestic correspondence will be more than doubled. A gigantic exemplification of the old proverb—Penny wise and pound foolish." etc.

Spider's Web Made Into Cloth.

M. Cachot, a French chemist, recently put in a claim for the reward of \$5,000 which the manufacturers' union of England offered two years ago to the scientist who would invent a use for the web of the common spider. When the manufacturers arrived the other day at M. Cachot's laboratory, they saw in the corner of the room running from the floor to the ceiling a queer arrangement of hobbins worked by a dynamo. Looking further up on the walls, they saw a large number of spiders. They had long mandibles and an immense abdomen, from the rear end of which issued threads. As the threads came from them the hobbins wound it, and thus secured long strands of the unbroken thread. For experimental purposes a little of the spider web was made into cloth. It was found to give a fabric very silky to the touch and as fine as oriental silk. It may be that the delicate silks of the ancients was made from the web of the spider, for it has never since been duplicated. The silk robes which Cleopatra easily pulled through an ear ring might have been made from the spider's web. —New York Journal.

A Persistent Office Seeker.

The most persistent office seeker seen at the White House since the beginning of the McKinley administration is James Anderson McKeady of Boston. He is a funny looking little man about 55 years old, with whiskers slightly tinged with gray and wears a bell top hat with a wide black band, black clothes, turned down collar and black tie. He usually walks with his head down and takes quick, jerky steps. He is a candidate for congressional election in Connecticut. The fact that Representative Barrett of Boston told him that he had no chance whatever of securing the place Mr. McKeady still comes to the White House and refuses to believe that he will not be appointed. He has been in Washington, according to his own statement, two solid months and has been at the White House twice nearly every day. Still he has seen the president only five times. He arrives in the morning at about 10 o'clock, waits around until noon, and in passing a small wood lot received a stinging blow in the face within half an inch of his right eye. Blood flowed, and the shock and pain nearly caused him to faint. "Another jab in the back of the neck caused him to investigate, and he was astonished to discover that he had been attacked by two humming birds, whose diminutive nests containing their young was near by.

He Was Attacked by Humming Birds.

Augustus Vanwyker of the town of Stillwater, Sussex county, N. J., went out after his cows on a recent morning, and in passing a small wood lot received a stinging blow in the face within half an inch of his right eye. Blood flowed, and the shock and pain nearly caused him to faint. "Another jab in the back of the neck caused him to investigate, and he was astonished to discover that he had been attacked by two humming birds, whose diminutive nests containing their young was near by.

Why He Wanted an Autograph.

Recently a young man wrote to William Dean Howells for his autograph. The novelist replied in a typewritten line: "Have you bought my last book?" The young man answered: "I have not. I want to sell your autograph in order to get money enough to buy it." —Atlanta Constitution.

Sir Christopher Wren, the architect of St. Paul's cathedral, London, was buried in that majestic pile, and the visitor is enlightened by his epitaph, thus: "Si monumentum queris, circumspecte" (If you ask for his monument, look round).

A PRETTY ROMANCE.

She Secured a Consulship For Her Intended Husband.

There were not more than a dozen people present at the marriage in New York of Miss Laura Delphine Kilpatrick to Mr. Harry H. Morgan on a recent morning, yet it marked the conclusion of one of the prettiest romances of the year. Miss Kilpatrick is the youngest daughter of the late General Hugh Judson Kilpatrick, U. S. A. Mr. Harry H. Morgan, late of the supreme court of Louisiana.

General Kilpatrick was once minister to Chile—in fact, he married in that country—and it was there his daughter was born. During her father's term as minister Miss Kilpatrick had formed a strong affection for everything diplomatic. She became suddenly imbued with the idea that her sum of happiness would be complete if she could only secure a foreign appointment which would carry her abroad as soon as she was married.

Miss Kilpatrick spent some time in Washington last winter. Her father and Vice President Hobart had been intimate friends. She called on him and blushing explained the object of her visit, an appointment for her prospective husband. He gallantly offered to aid her and as the first step introduced her to the president.

When the president argued that there were a few others who wanted foreign appointments, she answered gently that there was surely none more deserving than she. Whatever her ways and her manners, at all events she won the day. The president thereupon complied and promised that before her wedding was celebrated Mr. Morgan should have a desirable position abroad.

What seemed to the young lover a tremendously long wait followed. Miss Kilpatrick was just contemplating another trip to Washington when a message from the White House summoned her betrothed to Washington. From the hands of President McKinley himself Mr. Morgan received a commission as consul to Horgen, Switzerland, an appointment with a salary of \$2,000 a year.

"This is your bride's wedding gift," said the president. "I know you will prize it as much as you love and cherish her." A few days thereafter the pretty story was carried to a charming finish in the private chapel in St. Patrick's cathedral. The following day the couple set sail for Europe to fill the diplomatic mission secured by the efforts of Miss Kilpatrick.

A number of handsome gifts are stowed away on board the vessel. But of all their gifts the one most highly prized is a life size portrait of William McKinley, which was received from the president, accompanied by an autograph letter of congratulation. The vice president sent a check for \$1,000 and a note confessing his utter inability to select a present to suit the case. —Chicago Tribune.

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SNAKES OF BOYHOOD.

SOME EXTINCT REPTILIANS THAT HAD MARVELOUS ATTRIBUTES.

The Terrible Blue Racer and the Thousands of Victims He Didn't Get—The Hoop Snake That All Knew of, but Few Ever Saw—Peculiarities of Glass Snakes.

The blue racer was an ophidian called to cause the hair of the small boy to stand on end like the quills of the fretful porcupine. Nothing could exceed the fiend's malignity of this snake, whose powers of locomotion were incredibly swift and whose appetite for boy was forever on edge. And it was only by relieving himself of all impediments, such as the bucket containing his small store of berries or his fishing tackle and can of bait, that a boy was able to avoid capture. It was the current belief that when the blue racer came up with his prey he swiftly unfolded the unlucky wight in his deadly coils, crushed the life out of him and then devoured him at his leisure. So far as history goes and the mortuary records show no boy was ever cut off in the bloom of his youth by a blue racer, but disasters of this kind were only avoided by the remarkable fitness of foot displayed on such occasions.

His terror gave him supernatural strength and added wings to his feet, and the blue racer was inconspicuously left in the shade. The blue racer, according to a cloud of youthful witnesses who have testified thereto, was a snake ranging from 11 to 16 feet long, the average length being about 15 feet. Its aspect was threatening in the extreme, and its eyes gleamed with a baleful and hungry light. As it reared its ugly head four or five feet above the surface in search of the trembling youngsters his underside was seen to be of a bright blue color, and from this fact and his swift movements he received his apt and distinguishing name. Blue racers are as scarce as hens' teeth now.

But the most deadly, the most grotesque and the most appalling snake known to boyhood was the fearful hoop snake, now happily extinct. This scourge of the forest was the bete noire of the uncle, who was continually in mortal terror of encountering it as he wandered through the pleasant woods or angled in the waters of his favorite stream. The hoop snake roamed the darksome shades of the forest like an avenging Nemesis, and like the blue racer, was always on the lookout for boys. The hoop snake differed uniquely from all other ophidians. When in motion, it was the habit of this snake to insert the end of its tail in its mouth, and, bending its body into a perfect circle, it would roll silently and with incredible swiftness through the woods.

The tail terminated in a horny spike, harder than steel, in which was concealed a sting of the most venomous description, and with striking distance of this fearful weapon. The virus in the tail was far more toxic than the venom of the rattlesnake or the tooth of the copperhead and was synonymous with instant death.

Fortunately no boy was ever stung by one of these snakes. His caution, his prudence and proverbial good luck always enabled him to circumvent the machinations of the enemy, but it required ceaseless vigilance on his part. Indeed, but few boys ever saw one of these reptiles, although we were well aware of their existence. But at rare intervals some youth favored with exceptional eyesight and a vivid imagination would get a glimpse of a hoop snake rolling its way along a distant path.

Another curious snake that used to interest youthful students of herpetology was the glass snake. As far as its habits were known, the glass snake seemed to exist for the sole purpose of affording fun for the boys, who, when they encountered one of them, hit it across the back with a stick, whereupon its snakeship broke into a thousand pieces, more or less, according to the mathematical proficiency of the boy, and his brittle anatomy flew in all directions. Yet this singular proceeding, while it interested the youthful experimenters greatly, never discommodated the snake, or only temporarily, for as soon as left to itself the parts all united and the snake was whole as before. This invariably happened, but although boys have watched for hours to see the mysterious process the reptile never "got together" until they had departed. Glass snakes are not nearly so common now, nor are they so brittle as they used to be.

One fact in serpent history, however, remains the same in spite of the dicta of scientists, as any boy of today can tell. The tail of a snake will wiggle after it is killed until the sun goes down. There isn't a boy in the whole country but knows it to be rock solid fact in natural history. Learned men tell us that this notion, as they please to call it, is a relic of a far distant time when our ancestors worshipped the sun, which at one time was depicted with serpent attributes. —Chicago Tribune.

The Telescope of the Future.

The late Alvan G. Clark, in an address delivered before the congress of astronomy and astrophysics some time ago, indicated his belief that the telescope of the future will be much more powerful than the present instrument. He said, "The horizon of science has been greatly broadened within the last few years, but out on the borderland I see the glimmer of new lights, which wait for their interpretation, and the great telescopes of the future must be their interpreters."

The Sensible Question.

"Joy, that was terrible—man fell overboard in midocean on the other day and never was seen again!" said Hicks. "Drowned!" asked Mrs. Hicks. "Oh, no, of course not; sprained his ankle probably," said Hicks.—Harlem Life.

AN ANCIENT MEXICAN CITY.

A Curious Legend—Some Relics of Emperor Maximilian.

Queretaro was a town before the Spanish conquest and was made a city in 1655. A legend of Queretaro is that an Otomite chief, Fernando de Tapia by name, undertook to convert the city to Christianity in a way that seems novel to us, but was common enough to his day. He came from Tula with a challenge to the people of Queretaro to a fair stand up fight. If he won, the people surviving were to be baptized. The challenge was accepted, but while the fight was in progress a dark cloud came up and the blessed Santiago was seen in the heavens with a fiery cross, whereupon the people of Queretaro gave up and were baptized. They set up a stone cross to commemorate the event on the site of the present church of Santa Cruz. There is scarcely a church in Mexico which has not a legend of this kind attached to it. The town is identified with the history of Mexico.

Here the treaty of peace between the United States and Mexico was ratified in 1848, and here Maximilian made his last stand in 1867, was obliged to surrender and was shot. Everybody is interested in Maximilian mainly on account of poor Carlotta. Maximilian was executed on the Cerro de las Campanas and with him Generals Miramira and Media. The place is marked by three little crosses of stone. The two generals were killed at the first volley, but Maximilian, who had requested that he be shot through the body that his mother might look upon his funeral, was only wounded, and a second firing was required to kill him.

The emperor had been led to believe that Carlotta was dead. She became insane from grief and was kept in an asylum for many years, but she still lives and still mourns for her dead husband and the loss of her throne. The United States government protested against the execution of Maximilian, but in vain, Juarez refusing to spare him.

WAGES IN CHINA.

In Spite of Their Lowness the Celestials Wax Fat.

How a Chinese workman manages to support his family and remain sleek and fat on the wages he receives is an everlasting mystery to the European and American. The Chinese are a people of marvelous economy. They will support a family, furnishing food, clothes, shelter, from a small garden which they call a farm, but which in America would not more than furnish an American family with early vegetables.

In cities the laboring men receive the meagre pittance. In Canton, where laborers are better paid than in other parts of China, the skilled workmen live on these wages: Shoemaker, \$1.24 a month; blacksmith, \$5 per month; fine ivory carver, \$13 per month; tailor, \$5 per month; fine embroiderer, \$4 per month; designer, \$6 per month; silversmith, \$8 per month.

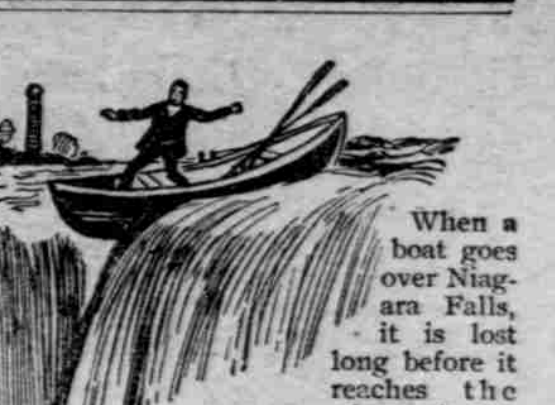
The Chinese are superstitious, and the workmen support, in addition to their temples and pagodas and priests, which receive more in proportion than the churches of Europe and America, idol makers, geomancers, fortune tellers, physiognomists, scotchys, astrologers and interpreters of dreams, who exist by thousands and coin all the money they want. Another thing which makes money for a certain class is the Chinese custom of burning great quantities of "spirit money," imitation coins, which are supposed to be legal tender for dead relatives. One city alone employs 100,000 people in making this cash for ghosts.

Peculiar superstitions embarrass the workman. For instance, carpenters and builders have to exercise great care in selecting a ridgepole for a house. It must have neither cracks nor knots, and in it a small hole must be made and filled with gold leaf and the whole beam painted red. This insures good luck for the owner of the house.

The tea trade employs thousands of persons. The laborers receive from \$2 to \$10 per month, according to their grade of work. —Chicago News.

Fishy.

A man who resides on the east side relates an incident which may be true, but it sounds fishy. His boy caught a large sucker a couple of years ago, and since that time he has been experimenting with his funny pet somewhat. The fish has been kept out of the water so much that it gradually became accustomed to it, and frequently flopped out of the water itself and followed the boy around. Finally the boy placed it in a pen and gradually reduced its bathing periods until it became acclimatized, abandoning entirely its native element. It would follow the boy around like a dog, and one day he started over to town across the swinging bridge with the pet fish flopping along after him. But alas for boyish hopes! The fish made a slight mis-cue and dopped overboard into the creek and drowned before the boy could rescue him. —Punxsutawney Spirit.



When a boat goes over Niagara Falls, it is lost long before it reaches the edge of the falls. The danger begins in the river far above. When disease begins to sweep any one along on its current, the danger has already begun. If you are losing healthy flesh and getting below your best condition it is time to get back again without delay. The best strength-builder for people who are "running-down" is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It enables the digestive and assimilative forces to make fresh, red, healthy blood which rapidly creates new tissue; not flabby fat but solid, muscular flesh, nerve force, and vital energy.

"I was a complete wreck; appetite gone, nervous system impaired; could not sleep, and was so weak that I could not stand on my feet ten minutes," writes Miss Ella Bartley, of No. 2134 South Grant Avenue, Columbus, Ohio. "I only weighed 95 pounds when I commenced taking Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. After I had taken a half bottle I began to improve; I could sleep soundly the whole night, and would awaken with an appetite for breakfast, which was a rare thing as I never had for two years back. I had a hearty breakfast, I now have an excellent appetite, and my friends say they never saw me looking better or in better spirits since they knew me. I tell them it is all due to Dr. Pierce's Discovery, and I am so thankful and grateful that I never tire of praising his medicine every opportunity I get. I had about given up in despair, and nobody knows what those words imply, but those who have suffered—like I did for two long years. I was convinced that your medicine would help me, and I am here in person, a living testimonial of its merits."

For constipation, Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are a simple yet sure remedy, mild but thorough in their effect, and a permanent cure. No ordinary Pills are so perfect and scientific. By all druggists.

U. P. TIME TABLE. GOING EAST—CENTRAL TIME. No. 2—Fast Mail, 8:15 a. m. No. 4—Atlantic Express, 11:30 a. m. No. 28—Freight, 7:00 a. m. GOING WEST—MOUNTAIN TIME. No. 1—Limited, 3:55 p. m. No. 3—Fast Mail, 11:20 p. m. No. 23—Freight, 7:35 p. m. No. 19—Freight, 1:10 p. m. N. B. OLDS, Agent.

SMOKERS. In search of a good cigar will always find it at J. F. Schmalzried's. Try them and judge.

D. M. HOGSETT, Contractor and Builder, AND AGENT FOR IDEAL STEEL.

IDEAL STEEL. PUMPING AND POWER. WINDMILLS, 4-ft. 6-ft. 8-ft. 9-ft. 10-ft. 12-ft. 14-ft and 16-ft. Wheels—back gear. IDEAL STEEL 10 and 12-foot Wheels in direct stroke and IDEAL STEEL TOWERS. NORTH PLATTE, NEB.

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We have it—have plenty of it and can furnish you any quantity desired. Our ice is good—none better—and we make prompt deliveries. We solicit your trade, feeling we can please you.

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BROEKER'S SUITS ALWAYS FIT.

We have been making garments for North Platte citizens for over twelve years, and if our work and prices were not satisfactory we would not be here to-day. We solicit your trade.

F. J. BROEKER, MERCHANT TAILOR.

Claude Weingand, DEALER IN Coal Oil, Gasoline, Gas Tar, and Crude Petroleum. Leave orders at office in Broeker's tailor shop.

—Wanted—A thoroughly competent servant girl and housekeeper who will appreciate a good home, for small family, dwelling with modern conveniences. Address with references, and wages desired, to Box 56, Gettysburg, Neb.